

THE FLAG INCIDENT OF SNOODGRASS HILL.

Judge O. G. Thompson Makes Full Statement and Description of the Episode.

(From The State.)

Two years ago at the request of my comrade and friend, Sheriff Thos. J. Duckett, I wrote (wholly from memory) a brief history of the old flag of the Third regiment of Kershaw's old brigade, which was read on Memorial Day. This description was in essential matter correct. I said among others things: "At the battle of Chickamauga Gen. Kershaw rode up to 'Squire' Lamb, as we always called him and said: 'Sergeant, give me that flag,' proposing to lead the charge, for which our line was forming, to which the 'squire' answered: 'No, you can't get this flag, general; point out where you want it to go, I'll take it, but you can't get this flag, general.' Grand old Kershaw pointed to a tree a thousand yards in front. 'Now, sergeant, straight toward that tree.' Then I briefly described the terrific assault on Snodgrass Hill.

A short time after Memorial Day, 1903, I learned that some members of the Third battalion, who had, I suppose, never known or had forgotten of the episode between Gen. Kershaw and Lamb, were disposed to discredit my statement and to confound it with a similar incident on the same day at the same hour, with Gen. Kershaw and Colorbearer Evans of the battalion. This led to some correspondence between myself and State Treasurer Jennings, who was a gallant soldier of the battalion and commanded a company on that field. From this correspondence I found that he, Mr. Jennings, had never known of the Kershaw-Lamb incident, as I had never heard of the incident with the gallant Evans, or had forgotten it, if I had known of it. We both found also that there was no conflict between us.

The story of how Lamb had refused to give up the flag on that famous field had been known by our boys as a part of the unwritten history of old Company G, (Laurens Briers) of the Third regiment for these 40 years. Sergeant Lamb was one of our company. Although I had written wholly from memory, I knew I was correct in essential particulars, but hearing of the disposition of some persons to mix it up with the Kershaw-Evins incident, I asked Squire Lamb the first time I met him (he was present when my article was read in the court house Memorial Day) to give me the particulars of Kershaw's coming to him at Chickamauga. He says: "He didn't ride, he walked up to me, and said, 'Sergeant, let me have the flag.' I said, 'No, you can't get the flag; tell me where you want it to go; I'll take it there.' I pointed to the battalion and said, 'There, general, is the trouble,' meaning that the battalion was losing its direction, or causing the brigade to lose its direction, whereupon Kershaw pointing to the wooded heights of Snodgrass Hill, now to be made famous for a thousand years by this heroic assault and the perhaps no less heroic defense by Thomas, said: 'Sergeant, select a tree or an object straight to the front and march directly to it,' and hurrying to Colorbearer Evans I think that he got hold of his flag."

This is borne out by Mr. Jennings who says that Kershaw did get hold of the battalion flag. It must not be forgotten that all this was the work of a very few minutes, in a long sight less time than it takes to write it, and while every man in the brigade was pushing toward the front and firing, and was all done by Kershaw to rectify his mistake to change somewhat the direction of his march, and a crossing that large opening on the farther side of which we received the first deadly volley of musketry, and in crossing which we ever afterwards said that we had executed Kershaw's order changing the direction of the march as if we had been on an ordinary parade.

Nine survivors of Company G, (Briers), were together here on last Wednesday, 27th, when I brought up the question on purpose to learn their recollection of the occurrences at Chickamauga. Several of the number who were there, remember the Kershaw-Lamb incident, among the number A. Y. Thompson, a man of splendid memory; Judge Bar-

sdale of Louisiana, first sergeant of the company, a gallant soldier who lost an arm there, was present. He recalls Kershaw waving either flag or sword, but not right in front of our regiment, which seems to bear out the idea of Kershaw having waved the battalion flag after leaving Lamb.

In a contribution to The News and Herald of Winnsboro of March, 1903, a copy of which I procured some months after my write-up of the Third regiment flag in April of that year, Hon. R. H. Jennings says of this episode: "Kershaw walked up to Evans and taking the flag from him walked out in front of the line, so that the flag could be seen from all parts of it. Evans thinking perhaps that the general had an idea that he was going to waver, walked along with Kershaw and pleaded with him to please give him the flag, and just point out to him where to go, and assuring him that he would go there or die. Gen. Kershaw kindly gave it back to him and pointing to a large green pine at the top of the hill said: 'Do you see that pine?' 'Yes,' said Evans, 'Go directly to it,' and he went."

At the time of the correspondence between comrade Jennings and myself referred to, we agreed that something explanatory should be published about this apparent, but in no sense a real, conflict. But as most of us have done with regard to the priceless treasures of our glorious history I went along and neglected it. Again last May while at the State Democratic Convention in talking the matter over, myself and Mr. Jennings, we agreed that something ought to be published and I again resolved to write, and I may never have been sufficiently impressed with the necessity for it had it not been that last autumn, by accident, I learned that at the last annual session of the U. D. C. some lady—unwittingly, of course—disputed or challenged the Chickamauga flag story, so far as it connected Sergeant Lamb with it. I then once more resolved that I would publish something that would, or at least should set the matter at rest. Another thing that made me hesitate was a natural aversion to rushing into print. But I am satisfied that it should be explained for fear that after all living witnesses are gone, and that will not be long, some of the younger generation might be misled to believe that some survivor might have been vain enough to fall into the egregious error of trying to appropriate to his command honors that justly belonged to another. Fortunately, for all concerned, for the living and for the dead, there is glory enough for all. If the old Third Regiment was wanting in glory, the Third battalion could well spare some of her laurels with plenty left. This history of one of the history of the other, they fought and marched and byonacked side by side, shoulder to shoulder, from Shapsburg to Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Chickamauga, Knoxville, the Wilderness, Spotsylvania, Cold Harbor, Fisher's Hill and on to the end at Greensboro.

Briefly the explanation is, that on that famous field, the bloodiest in percentage of losses of the war, there were two flag incidents between brave old Kershaw of the First South Carolina brigade and two of his no less brave colorbearers, Evans of the Third battalion and Lamb of the Third regiment, brought about by the effort of Kershaw to change the direction of his march under fire and while every man of every part of the brigade was pushing to the front in that famous assault on Snodgrass Hill, as before said the bloodiest of the war of the sixties, not excepting the railroad cut slaughter at Second Manassas, of the bloody lane at Shapsburg, the stone wall, Marye Hill at Fredericksburg or the third day at Gettysburg.

I write solely in the interest of keeping the record straight and for the truth of history, and trust that I have made it sufficiently plain to remove doubts or misapprehensions as to these occurrences, and in writing hope that I have not left ground for impression that any one in either command was lagging at Chickamauga, or that there was call for personal example by Gen. Kershaw; far from it, for I have always said that although it was but a little more than two months after the great reverse at Gettysburg I never saw our boys in better spirits, never saw them go

into battle in better shape. Both Lamb and Evans were stricken down badly wounded in this battle.

The Third regiment never had its flag captured in battle. The old flag was spirited away from Greensboro at the time of the surrender, the 26th of April, 1865. And our former captain, R. P. Todd, then lieutenant-colonel, being in command of the Third regiment, and the "Briers" being one of the color companies, the flag was brought home by our company and has ever since been and is still, in our care.

I send to your widely circulated and justly popular paper, hoping that some at least of those who have felt sufficient interest in this matter to discuss it heretofore, may see it, and will ask our county paper to reprint it, and would be glad if the News and Herald of Winnsboro would publish.

O. G. Thompson,
Co. G, Third S. C. Reg't.
Laurens, S. C.

Terrific Race With Death.

"Death was fast approaching," writes Ralph F. Fernandez, of Tampa, Fla., describing his fearful race with death, "as a result of liver trouble and heart disease, which had robbed me of sleep and of all interest in life. I had tried many different doctors and several medicines, but got no benefit, until I began to use Electric Bitters. So wonderful was their effect, that in three days I felt like a new man, and to-day I am cured of all my troubles." Guaranteed at McMaster Co.'s, Obeur Drug Co.'s and John H. McMaster & Co.'s drug stores; price 50c.

White Oak Notes.

Communion services were held at the A. R. P. church last Sunday morning. Rev. J. A. White, the pastor, did the preaching. Mr. Jno. H. Neil has returned from a week's visit to Chester county. He attended the laying of the corner stone of the Confederate monument in the city of Chester on Wednesday. He reports a big time and a grand day for old Chester.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Wylie of Wellridge, Chester county, was with relatives here last week.

Misses Lila and Laura Woodward spent the day with Mrs. C. W. Mobley last Monday.

Capt. T. W. Traylor attended the meeting of the State Board of Equalization in Columbia last week.

Mrs. S. R. McDowell is visiting in Winnsboro this week.

Miss Euphemia Thompson of Laurens is visiting Miss Jeannette Patrick.

Mr. W. T. Johnston of the Wateree section was in our town last week.

Misses Ida and Florence Patrick have returned home from their schools.

Mr. J. B. Patrick's baby has been quite sick, but am glad to say it is much better now.

Miss Mollie E. Reed of Winston, Brk., and Mr. Joseph Yongue of Stover were married here several days ago. Miss Reed has been with her aunt, Mrs. Robert Stewart, for several months.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Nichols a daughter, to Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Smith a daughter;

Mr. F. M. Traylor of Leeds is visiting his father, Capt. T. W. Traylor.

Mr. John Gwin and daughter, Miss Pearl, of Hopewell have been visiting their kinfolks, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Patrick. N. May 13, 1905.

A Gleeping Death.

Blood poisons creep up towards the heart, causing death. J. E. Stearns, Belle Plaine, Minn., writes that a friend dreadfully injured his hand, which swelled up like blood poisoning. Buckley's Arnica Salve drew out the poison, healed the wound, and saved his life. Best in the world for burns and sores. 25c at McMaster Co.'s, Obeur Drug Co.'s and John H. McMaster & Co.'s drug stores.

It is folly to tell the father of twins that two beads are better than one.

What is Foley's Kidney Cure?

Answer: It is made from a prescription of a leading Chicago physician, and one of the most eminent in the country. The ingredients are the purest that money can buy, and are scientifically combined to get their utmost value. Sold by McMaster Co.



Alta Vista Villa, No Man's Land, Moon of Poppies.

Dear—Look at above heading and dream a dream of joy. I'm here, and when I saw that name tacked up over the portals of our hotel I said, "Here's where I rusticate just-on the strength of the name."

We are up on a bluff—sand bluff. I've been here three blessed, broiling days and haven't found anything in the place yet but sand and bluff. And sea, lots of sea, so much sea that you hope you'll never have to see so much sea again in all your life. Also a bath-house, tintype tent, peanut pavilion and bathing houses—little, hot, new pine cottages stood up on end. Also girls and girls and girls, from sixteen to sixty, assorted sizes, and all looking for the man. There are lots of him running around in the days of his youth, but for a real man such as we are led to expect, by all the summer here ever written, hangs his delightful self around summer resorts and wears white duck and brings you water lilies and sighs over a mandolin at you 'neath the pale moonlight—there isn't a single specimen wandering for miles around our villa.

Do you know what they call this particular eyrie I have alighted on? No Man's Land. Pleasant, isn't it after you've toiled over a typewriter while the wintry wind did a ragtime dance around your furthest throat and you didn't give a rap because you were thinking of your white waists and your lilies and organdies and your heavenly, floppy Trianon hat with its lace veranda, all of which should storm the heart of the summer man and make him fall down and worship by the silver starlight?

Nancie Bell, it isn't any such stuff. There isn't any summer man, and even if there were and he didn't have sense enough to run away the minute he grasped the situation I wouldn't have a bit of respect for him.

That's all. I shall be home in a few days, just as soon as I have time enough to bluff the stay-at-homes into the idea that I've had a glorious time and been belle of the beach. Be strong, Nancie. Don't look even at an excursion steamer. If sinners entice thee, dress up in your organdies and walk down Fifth avenue and you'll see more admiring sons of Adam in an hour than you will out here in a week. Happily yours,

PERDITA.

Day After Yesterday.

Hello, central! All hail the man! He came, he saw, and Caesar isn't a circumstance. He has taken the large corner room. Mrs. Banks, our general overseer, says he is an exceptional young man. Wonder how much board he paid in advance!

He isn't real young nor real old; just that intermediate age that is so interesting. I don't think he is exactly handsome, but you know what a properly trimmed vandyke and a pair of rimless eyeglasses will do for any man. He's that kind.

This morning he escorted all of us through the glen. Did I tell you that we had a glen? Oh, yes; Glen Ellyn. Just ferment the villa. It's a break in the sand bluff, and it's damp and pine and drowsy at midday. Heretofore the organdie flock had religiously eschewed its ferny swampiness, but you should have seen us trail after him over fern and stump and hidden vine while he fished out dinky little weeds and discoursed on them.

I opine he is a botanist. Well, it's better than a barber. A letter came for him today addressed to Professor Adri-an Vogel. How's that for individuality? He looks it too. He does not dance, and he does not play the mandolin. He goes for his morning dip at some unearthly hour before we are up. In fact, he does not do any of the orthodox summer "manisms," but he has manners and customs of his own.

For instance, he sings, and sings well. There are about ninety and nine muses who group themselves in the parlors after dinner to listen to their Apollo. When he sings "All Aboard For Dreamland" he looks at you as much as to say he has only two passes for the boat, but the other one is for you.

Yachting and autoing he classes as nerve racking, but nature and close to nature's heart and all the rest of it is what the professor's joy is. I think privately we would get closer to nature's heart and the professor's heart, too, if he could be made to understand the expediency of individual lessons for his botany pupils. But he cannot. He calls for a class, and we are all classed.

I hope for the best. So do the other ninety and eight muses. Botanically yours,

PERDITA.

Saturday.

Come to No Man's Land every time for something doing. We have saved the professor's life. If it had only been one of us it wouldn't have been so complicated. A composite gratitude doesn't go far when it has to be passed around. It was long after lunchtime, and he never misses lunchtime. He can put away more fried bluefish and blackberry poppie than five of the muses, but it is only proof of his exceptional excellence, and the overseer never rebukes him.

Did I tell you she was a widow, also

interested in botany? I think she stands second best. He likes fried bluefish, etc. Anyway, we missed him, and there

was a swift summer storm stealing blackly up from the horizon, and the sea moaned as it broke in sobs along the shore. They do that kind of thing all right. I used to think that went with the summer man, but it doesn't. MacGregor Clarence Blair said he hadn't showed up since breakfast, and he'd seen him making a bee line for the glen, and he'd said, "What's yer hurry?" and the professor had said he hoped he could have one morning in peace to study without that thundering crowd of old maids hiking after him.

We didn't believe MacGregor. He looks like a pale, new sand fly, and his father and mother own all of No Man's Land. The professor never in all this world used such words as hiking and thundering, but MacGregor did. Therefore, I may say, in the same common parlance, that the whole thundering crowd of old maids pitched in and lambasted MacGregor until his pretty white linen suit was not fair to see and his twining curls were full of sand burs. Then he howled and retracted, and we all went up the glen after the professor.

The glen deepens and darkens as you go in, and the sides are rocky and precipitous, with much shrubbery and undergrowth and scraggly pine trees listed to windward. And just as the first streak of lightning quivered in the sky we heard a faint shout for help.

It was the professor. He hung suspended in air on the bare limb of a dead pine that jutted out from the rock halfway up the bluff, like Genius on Pegasus, the widow said—on a petrified Pegasus.

Then Genevieve Perley, our college product, said Pegasus couldn't be petrified. He would have to be ossified. And the widow began to cry and sat down on a log and said she didn't care a bit either way, ossified or petrified, and Professor Vogel was such a lovely man and always paid his board like a gentleman, and she hated to see him killed before her eyes, and she never felt so much like fainting before in all her life.

Genevieve said fainting was counted out. He was a fine target for lightning up there, and while it was none of her business and she had no interest in the professor as a lovely man or in the continuance of his regular board paying, still she thought a rope might be a good thing.

"In mountainous countries," began Agatha, the artist, who has been Europeanized. "I believe they tie a rope around the waist of one person!"

"It's the shoulders," said Genevieve; "kind of a slipknot."

The professor shouted for help again, this time fainter still.

"No; the waist," said Agatha firmly. "And lower that person over the mountain side until he rescues the other party."

"Let's lower MacGregor," murmured Genevieve, but the widow cried and said her feet were getting wet and she didn't think it was right to joke in the face of death. That braced us up, because the professor did look like it, so while the fleeting moments sped Genevieve and I sped faster and found some clotheslines and a couple of husky lads in sweaters from the peanut stand and the bathhouse, and we sped back to the glen.

Then the husky lads climbed the bluff on the sandy side and did the Alpine act with the clotheslines, assisted by several ropes from the bathhouse, and before our eyes the professor was pulled back to life and liberty.

He is resting now. It is dark and still at the villa. No hops or mandolins tonight. The shock will bring him to, I think, from the botanical dream and cause him to concentrate his joy on some loving, sympathetic heart, and it may be your

PERDITA.

Monday.

I shall be home on the Tuesday boat. The other girls are packing too. The overseer has fainted. Only the professor or is serene. He was up bright and early this morning to meet the 6:08 train, and when he came back he had a Mrs. Professor and three little Professors tagging merrily along after him.

No, I don't think men were deceivers ever. I think it was abominable. Only Mrs. Professor gave the muses their crushing blow when she said she was so glad we had all joined the professor's summer botany class, as he had reduced the course rate to \$10, and she thought it was the sweetest, most elevating study one could take up. We all assured her it was elevating. It was—*for the professor*.

And we're all going home tomorrow. Yours for single blessedness,

PERDITA.

A Muscular Minister.

A Kentucky senator tells of a good old Methodist minister in his state, the pioneer days who was a "muscular Christian."

"One day," says the senator, "after the parson had found it necessary to administer fistic punishment to several young toughs who persisted in disturbing the meeting at one of the churches which he served, one of his flock, noted as something of a hard hitter himself, got up in meeting and said: 'It is a solemn duty of this here congregation to stand by Parson Johnson. He does not seek trouble, but he will not show the white feather when trouble is forced in his way. I believe that, unrestrained by divine grace, Parson Johnson can whip any man in Kentucky. The Lord is with him. Let us pray.'"

Foley's Honey and Tar contains no opiates and can safely be given to children and is peculiarly adapted for asthma, bronchitis and hoarseness.

June is the Month for Weddings

and in common with all the other mouths of the year

June is the month to Advertise.

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We have a nice assortment of Clocks. Small silver and gold artistic designs, \$2.00 to \$5.00. Eight-day Mantle Clocks, striking hours and half hours, \$5.00 to \$10.00. Handsome gold Clocks, \$10.50 to \$25.00. Candelabra in gold to match gold clocks, \$3.50 to \$10.50. If you can't come write for our Illustrated Catalogue of staple goods, viz., Watches, Jewelry, Silverware, Cut Glass, etc.

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Columbia, S. C.

Special Election.

School District No. 11.

In compliance with a petition signed by the required one-third of the freeholders of School District No. 11 and one-third of the qualified electors of the said district, an election is hereby ordered to be held by the trustees of said district for the purpose of levying a special tax of one mill on all taxable property in said district on FRIDAY, MAY 28TH.

The polls will open at Shiloh school building at 2 P. M. and close at 5 P. M.

By order of the County Board of Education.

D. L. STEVENSON,

5-17-2t Chairman.

Letters of Administration

State of South Carolina, }
County of Fairfield, }

By D. A. Broom, Esq., Probate Judge:

Whereas, Alexander Davis hath made suit to me to grant him letters of administration of the estate and effects of William Davis, deceased;

These are, therefore, to cite and admonish all and singular the kindred and creditors of the said William Davis, deceased, that they be and appear before me, in the Court of Probate, to be held at Fairfield Court House, South Carolina, on the 25th day of May next, after publication hereof, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any they have, why the said administration should not be granted.

Given under my hand, this 10th day of May, A. D. 1905.

D. A. BROOM,

5-17-2t Judge of Probate.